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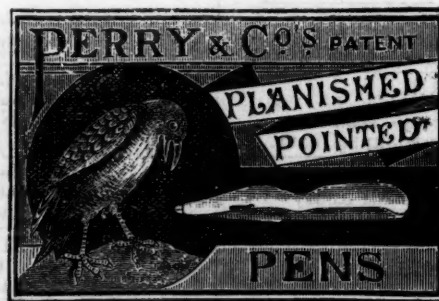
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The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1887.

OPEN-AIR MUSIC IN ENGLAND.

BY A PROVINCIAL.

THE English climate is blamed for many things, for some justly and for others unjustly. Among the sins commonly laid at its door is that of depriving us of the possibility of enjoying open-air music. He would be a bold man who should assert that the climate had nothing to do with the dearth of that delightful form of enjoyment, a dearth now chronic in England; but he would be equally hardy who should try to maintain that in this matter climate was wholly to blame. Probably the absence of open-air music is one of the blessings we owe to Puritan influence, the iron hand which in the seventeenth century was laid upon all joy and beauty in England. So it is time to bethink ourselves whether we had not better strike free from the thralldom originally imposed upon us by a set of ideas in which we no longer believe. It is certain that Puritanism did much to discourage such unregenerate pastimes as the singing of profane songs in the open air, the catches, glees, and madrigals, of which our ancestors were so fond, and however much the Puritans might approve of Psalm-singing, it is an occupation of which the carnal mind is apt to grow weary after a while. It is a saddening thought that if we had not so effectually quenched the national taste for this harmless form of pleasure, the barrel-organ, that most hideous form of open-air music, would not at this moment reign rampant among us, sole possessor of the field. At the same time there is no denying that the barrel-organ and its much-improved descendant the modern street piano do fill a void, and the devotion of small urchins of either sex to their attractions shows that music might yet play a powerful part in the education of children. I am not ashamed either to confess that after a hard day's work I have many a time been greatly cheered by the inspiring strains of the "Marscellaise" or some other stirring tune played on a street piano. If I have been (as who has not?) maddened by the

persistence of the "Lost Chord," with the vibratory melody and terrible runs of the street piano arrangement, those other and pleasanter experiences may speak for the instrument on the day when its sins are reckoned up.

But are there not bands in the parks? Yes—here and there. I do not know how matters stand in London, but in the North their popularity is so great as to suggest inevitably the enquiry whether a population that enjoys this form of open-air music so much might not occasionally be provided with other varieties. When police or other efficient bands are playing, the band-stand is surrounded with a ring of silent admirers, and, pressed close against the boundary-rope, are the eager faces of children, drinking in the music with all their ears. It is a touching sight, not to be forgotten. This kind of music is much more widely provided than it was a few years ago, and might be made still more common than it is. The northern counties abound in local bands, many of course of a very inferior character, while others are of considerable merit. There is nothing like practice for a band, and it would be a great stimulus to all these local orchestras if there were more frequent opportunities of airing their talents in public. If the different local bands were to occupy the village green, or any open space, on each Saturday afternoon in summer, the natural competition introduced would soon raise the style of performance, and the winter practices would gain new zest. In towns, parks and squares might be used for the same purpose. The brass-band contests in which Lancashire artisans delight are too few and far between to give sufficient stimulus, though they are in themselves a remarkable local institution, and of great value as an encouragement to good playing.

The question still remains, whether brass bands or wood and brass are the only possible form of out-door music in England. It is noticeable that, at the Manchester Exhibition, where the musical arrangements are generous, no kind of out-door music other than that of wind-instruments has hitherto been provided; and yet, in the beautiful summer weather that we have this year enjoyed, it has surely been possible for any kind of music whatever to be performed in the gardens that adjoin the Exhibition. A good party of glee-singers, for instance, would have been warmly welcomed, and their performances could hardly have been anything but a success. What can be more delightful than the sound of singing in the open air? When we hear it by chance, we—supposing we have a musical ear—stop and listen as to some rare treat, and yet we never trouble to provide ourselves again with the same pleasure. The Welsh understand this sort of thing much better than we do; for, in their villages, a dozen singers will frequently gather together at a street corner and sing in parts charmingly. It is, no doubt, to this practice that the high level of the recent Eisteddfod singing is largely due. At Stockport, an open-air Sunday musical festival has been held this year and last, in a large park. A chorus, supported by a small band, sang hymns and choruses from oratorios and masses with considerable success. In all such attempts experience is needed, which will only be gained by time, as to the best way of arranging chorus and band. The band accompaniments in particular would require to be revised and

arranged specially for out-door performances. These details I leave to practical musicians. My desire is simply to ventilate the question of open-air music, and, if possible, to stir up those who have the ability to see if more amusement and pleasure of this kind cannot be provided in the future. If Wagner was right in insisting upon complete harmony between the scenic, poetic, and musical elements of his dramas, the lovers of open-air music may point to another harmony which is still entirely neglected. The surroundings of a hot and gas-lighted concert-hall, generally devoid of any pretence to architectural beauty, are so uncongenial to persons who possess eyes and nose as well as ears that it is worth enquiring whether we cannot sometimes enjoy music apart from these depressing influences. Music is doubly sweet when it is accompanied by the scent of flowers and the fresh breath of the open air. It must not be forgotten, either, that there are some musical effects, and those among the most delicious, which cannot be obtained except in the open air. The very uncertainty and unevenness of sounds wafted upon the breeze constitutes in itself a charm. Open-air music must, as a rule, be of a simple kind, but it need not be the less enjoyable. It is strange, too, that we only indulge in it on the coldest nights of the year, when the familiar "waits" (who might by the way be something much better than what they are) make night hideous with their discordant cries.

VOICE-TRAINING IN CLASSES.

BY MADAME BEATI.

(Continued from page 691.)

Singing, like every other art, consists of two parts—the material or mechanical, and the ideal or æsthetical—and the material difficulties must be to a great extent conquered before the mental and emotional powers can have full play. I would therefore class part singing in the æsthetical branch of the vocal art, and consequently only to be commenced when some, at least, of the mechanical obstacles have been overcome.

The great importance that singing should be taught from the *commencement* by thoroughly competent and experienced teachers, cannot be too well understood. Bad habits of voice emission once acquired are most difficult and sometimes impossible to undo. But good singing lessons are expensive, and thus the time allowed for the first steps in voice-culture is rarely sufficiently prolonged.

In order to meet this difficulty to some extent, in our large institutions for musical education, singing is taught by the best masters in short lessons of about twenty minutes to each pupil, the pupil remaining after her lesson to derive benefit from the lessons of the following two or three pupils. In this way, the time devoted to each being short, the expense is proportionately small, and when the tuition on this plan is carried on for a sufficient length of time the result is likely to be satisfactory; but, as I said before, there is usually too much haste to proceed to songs before a foundation has been laid.

Now, I would suggest that the early stages of voice cultivation might be taught in classes. Lessons are given in this manner, on all subjects, by the best professors; and the fees being low, they are almost insignificant for pupils to pay; while the *numbers, taken together*, afford sufficient remunera-

tion to first-class teachers. Could we not have, in all music schools and educational establishments for girls (such as those of the High School Company, where the only vocal culture is now the part-singing class), classes in which voice-production should be taught?

It will be objected that this subject requires so much individual attention (no two voices being alike), that great mischief would arise by endeavouring to teach it in class. It is so necessary that the teacher should hear and study each voice separately.

I readily grant the validity of this objection, but I think it may be met by a plan which I will presently detail.

A strong prejudice exists against training the voice at an early age, but many excellent authorities may be quoted as holding a contrary opinion, and amongst them the Novello family—Madame Clara Novello having sung oratorio and mass music at the age of thirteen. There can be little doubt that far less harm is likely to result by judiciously showing children how to use the right set of muscles in singing, than by allowing them to sing through their noses with closed teeth, and to acquire every possible bad habit, as is too frequently the case at present in the part-singing classes.

The precise age at which it is advisable to commence exercising the voice varies much in individuals, according to their physical and mental development, but at eight or nine years old girls are often able to do so with advantage. Under fourteen years of age it is important to limit the compass, and not to extend voice-production exercises beyond the middle octave—also at any time of weak health all practice should be temporarily discontinued.

Having endeavoured to show the necessity that exists for prolonging the early stages of voice-training until almost all mechanical difficulty has been overcome, I will now, in a few words, try to point out a way in which it can be accomplished by a system of class-teaching.

It is of primary importance that not more than *eight* pupils should be taken together, as it is most necessary that the teacher should command at a glance the position, facial movements, and expression of each pupil, and this would be scarcely possible with a number exceeding eight. It is also necessary that he should hear and study the quality of tone produced by each individual pupil, and must therefore take each *separately*, quite as often as simultaneously. This can be done by making each voice represent a degree of the scale—thus eight voices make the octave. When the exercise has been sung through by each voice in turn (in order to avoid repetition of one note of the scale by the same voice) it is easy to make the pupil standing at the top of the line assume the lowest place, thus raising the other seven voices one degree each and so on, repeating the exercise until each has sung the entire scale of eight notes separately. This process can be performed in all the elementary exercises of sustained notes, arpeggios, scales, triplets, &c., as they are all on the same plan, starting from each degree of the scale in turn. When the entire scale can be taken in a breath, it can be sung by each pupil separately, commencing from the chromatic half-tones. While each is singing, the close attention of the rest must be enforced, and the spirit of emulation in the production of pure tone encouraged.

In this way the monotonous exercises may be made *interesting* even to the younger pupils. One good natural voice in a class will be found very beneficial to the rest. Of course, when the teacher is well assured that each pupil is producing good tone, he can then exercise the eight voices simultaneously. These classes should not be of long duration. From a quarter to half-an-hour once or twice a week would be found sufficient, and adult pupils can practise between the lessons, though always with a looking-glass,

Pupils should be grouped together according to age. Those under fourteen should not be classed with any above that age, and in adult classes the sopranos, mezzo-sopranos, and contraltos should be sorted as soon as possible.

Skilful management of the breath being the foundation of good singing (the growth of the voice and right method of producing pure tone being mainly dependent upon it), the importance of devoting a great part of the earlier lessons to the acquirement of a correct manner of inspiration, cannot be too much insisted on.

As I remarked at the commencement of this article, I am not wishing to put forward any special method of teaching singing. Each good teacher has his own method of imparting instruction. Signor Randegger's excellent Singing Primer (published by Novello, Ewer, & Co.), or any other method preferred by the professor, can be used in such classes as I suggest.

Owing to the physiological difference that exists in the vocal mechanism of men and women, in my opinion it is advisable that girls' voices should, if possible, in the earlier stages, be formed and developed by a thoroughly skilled and competent mistress, in preference to a master. It is unfortunately more rare to find a lady able to teach good voice-production than to find an efficient master; but when a woman teaches well (and especially when she sings herself) she undoubtedly possesses great advantages over the master in forming the voices of girls, inasmuch as she can give, for imitation, the precise tone she desires produced. Familiarity with the mechanism of her own voice also enables her to feel the exact sensation experienced by the pupil on hearing the note that is sung.

A correct acquaintance with the anatomy of the vocal organs is essential to a good teacher of singing, but very little of such knowledge is required by the student, which small amount can be easily imparted in the early class lessons.

I feel convinced that beneficial results in other ways as well as in singing, would be derived from such classes. The erect position required for singing, and the breathing exercises, would by strengthening the voice improve the general health; while the study of clear and distinct enunciation would be found very advantageous in speaking, reading, and reciting.

In conclusion, I would suggest that the elementary voice production classes should be attended for at least one year before any other kind of vocal training is attempted, and that then *Solfeggi* classes, such as those of the Paris Conservatoire, should follow for another year, thus making a complete elementary course, preparatory to the higher æsthetic voice culture.

M. BEATI.

Reviews.

PIRANI'S LIEDER (ROMANZE).

What shall we call them? That is the question! This charming collection of ten songs does not come to us *via* Chiasso, Bâle, Calais, Dover, and London, but travelled through Germany and Holland, and arrived in England *via* Flushing and Queensborough. The neat little volume is printed by Roeder, of Leipsic, edited by Schlesinger, of Berlin; and its title page, with an inexorable impartiality which would have done good to the heart of King Solomon himself to behold, bears a double inscription warning the reader that he will find inside: "Lieder für eine Singstimme mit Begleitung des Pianoforte, mit deutschem und italienischem Text," or, "Romanze per canto con accompagnamento di pianoforte con testo italiano e tedesco." Looking at the "Inhalt-Indice," as the contents is styled, we find that some of the poems are originally written in German and some in

Italian; the Italian ones having been translated into German by Joseph Grünstein, and an "Imitazione Italiana delle poesie tedesche" being the work of the composer himself, Signor Eugenio Pirani or Herr Eugen Pirani, whose skilful hand is just as much at ease on the keyboard as on the music-paper or foolscap.

Eugenio Pirani is widely known and highly esteemed both in his native Italy and in Germany, his adopted country, where he went a young man as a pupil and where he won a distinguished position as an artist and a teacher: the difficulty of which achievement can only be properly realised by taking into consideration the national pride of Germans generally, and of German musicians in particular, who, having reached, as far as mortal man can, the highest perfection of their art, are not readily induced to admit foreign talent to "free practice" within their dominions. Signor Pirani, who is still in the prime and full vigour of manhood, seems unhappily to have caught that moral disease that obtains so much amongst the most prominent artists of his native country: as soon as an Italian musician makes a mark in the world, the infection begins; he sets himself to pore over the works of the great masters, he buys a villa in some sequestered spot in the country or takes to a professorship, and in a few years is entirely lost sight of. They become almost the Fakirs of music, and alas! how many! Only think of Fakirs Bazzini, Fakir Boito, Fakir Dominicetti, Fakir Marchetti, Fakir Coronaro, Smareglia, Junk, Catalani. . . . Could all these and a score more of others that we might mention, be wheedled and coaxed into producing at least only one work a year each, the musical world might chance to have a certain number of masterpieces coming in regularly, and musical critics might shake off that grey, gloomy archæological air they must needs assume when dealing with Italian music.

But this is neither here nor there, and we have to come back to Signor Pirani, who after having made several concert tours on the continent, and having won golden opinions from the most select audiences in Germany, Italy, and Russia for his noble, intelligent, and dignified reading of the classics, as well as for his graceful rendering of some of his own brilliant compositions for the pianoforte, has now in some degree retired from the world and shut himself up in one of the most fashionable spots on the silver Rhine, along whose banks adorned with golden and purple grapes, and perhaps after partaking of the refreshing and unadulterated liquor squeezed from them, he met with the inspirations of the ten songs at present on our table.

Of these ten songs, three "Im Volkston," "Du rothe Ros," and "Riso di bella donna," are not new; "Du rothe Ros," especially, is very popular in Germany, the highly-dramatic poem of Wolff having gained intensity of feeling by the very simple but true and powerful setting of Pirani; and frequenters of St. James's and Princes' Halls cannot have forgotten the rendering of "Riso di bella donna" and "Du rothe Ros" of Madame Rose Hersee and Mdlle. Alice Barbi, who most successfully introduced these two songs in English concert and drawing-rooms. Of the remaining seven there are four on which we must warmly congratulate their author, three are unmistakably *lieder* and one unmistakably a *romanza*. "Frauenhand" and "Liebes Ahnen" are two sweet and elegant songs very much after the style of Schumann, though there is not a shadow of servility or plagiarism in them; "Schelm von Bergen," a setting of Heine's queer lines, is powerfully treated, and there is a musical dash of humour in the pompous and chivalrous tone of this ballad that shows how wonderfully rich in *nuances* is Signor Pirani's palette, and what quick and correct perception he has of the exact shade to be used. "A Casamicciola" is an *elegia* written on a pathetic poem of P. Martire, after the horrible catastrophe that plunged into mourning so many Italian families. In our opinion these awful and mysterious visitations of God are unfit theme for an artist, and neither a Bach, nor a Beethoven, nor a Wagner would have found a strain or a chord that would chime in with the feeling of appalling terror and utter helplessness aroused by the reports of that calamity; yet, we are bound to say, that taken as an *elegia*, this melody is one amongst the simplest and most pathetic of the Italian repertoire, and that Signor P. Martire could not wish for a more appropriate setting of his words.

To sum up: these ten songs, if the public will take to them, will prove a valuable addition to the stock of superior drawing-room music;

but from a musician so gifted as Signor Pirani, we have a right to expect something of more artistic importance than a set of songs, however pretty and elegant and charming they may be.

G. MAZZUCATO.

Occasional Notes.

WE have had occasion, recently, to refer to the singing cat as a fellow means with the big gooseberry to wile away the silly season, and several letters which have reached us show that the remarkable animal has excited curiosity in the bosoms of our readers. One correspondent writes in a somewhat plaintive strain. "What is the use," she remarks, "of speaking mysteriously of a singing cat? I want to know where she lives, or when she died; what she sings, and how; and whether, like Nikita, she was brought up by the Indians; and whether any operatic manager has as yet made arrangements for her *début*."

In answer to this touching appeal, we cannot refrain from quoting *in extenso* the account to which we refer. That account, which we publish *sous toutes réserves*, appears, of course, in an American paper, rejoicing in the name of *Inyo Register*. It is headed, in sensational letters, "California's Singing Cat," and is to this effect:—"Most everyone, at some time or other, has observed the peculiar purr of a cat. R. W. Scott, of Bishop's Creek, is the proud possessor of a cat that is an artist in this respect, as it more than purrs—it sings. This may appear too strange for belief; but, in the face of the fact that several of our most prominent citizens, all gentlemen of undoubted veracity, vouch for the truthfulness of the story, it must be believed. Mr. Scott has in his establishment a very fine music-box, and the cat has been noticed listening to its strains for hours at a time. One evening, recently, the feline prima donna poured forth, in a rich and clear contralto, the melody of the 'Grand Duchess.' To say that her owner was astonished would be putting it mildly. He immediately called in several of his neighbours to listen to the wonder, but it was love's labour lost, for the music stopped. A few evenings later she again poured forth her liquid notes, this time rendering, in fine style, 'Listen to the mocking bird.' Several gentlemen fortunately were present, and listened with surprise and delight to perhaps the greatest wonder of the age. Many times during the past week the song-cat has tuned herself to the sweetest melody, and each time to the delight of interested hearers. Her owner is justly proud of her, and, of course, values her highly. He is endeavouring to train her to sing whatever he desires, and if successful, will probably visit the principal places of the coast."

Before leaving the subject, we may point out to the enterprising composer the chance of real and startling novelty held out by the idea of an operatic version of "Puss in boots," with a real puss, in real boots, singing real music.

From an account recently given by a daily contemporary of the mysterious "motor" claimed to have been invented by Mr. John Worrel Keeley—referred to here, not because we understand anything about it, but because much of the nomenclature used will be familiar, though applied in an unfamiliar sense, to students of musical science—we are informed that the discovery on which it is based is "the finding of the so-called chord of the mass of any material body, and the application of this discovery to the production of vibrations at will. The utilisation of this chord produces disintegration

of the body in question, and this disintegration in turn is, of course, capable of being converted into motion."

When we read further, that by means of his vibratory apparatus, the modern Orpheus, not content with moving trees and rocks, has actually accomplished the feat of boring eighteen feet sheer into the quartz rock of the Catskill Mountains in eighteen minutes, it is difficult to know whether to be alarmed or gratified by the announcement: "I have just started my engine on the fifth true octave. The next conditions are the five octaves on the negative, which will be taken and equated. One month will suffice for this. Then all that remains to be done is to equate the sympathetic thirds on the governor of the engine now constructed."

Bold as these assertions undoubtedly are, they do not appear to be altogether inconceivable to one professional friend. "The other morning," he writes, "while hard at work upon my Symphony in D which I am composing specially for the first musical festival that may honour me with an order for a work of the kind, a sudden blast from a brass band caused me to jump from my seat, and then, with irresistible force, propelled me down the stairs, through the door, and along the street to a distance of nearly half a mile. It is quite evident that, in my case, the itinerant musicians had succeeded—accidentally, perhaps—in 'finding the chord of the mass'; and I begin to think there may be something in the Keeley motor after all."

The following paragraph, quoted from an evening paper, requires no explanation:—

Everything about Schubert has an attraction of its own, especially anything new. There does not, however, appear to be much that is new in the so-called "discovery" of Herr Kremser, which has been lately announced. The four songs mentioned, "Bacchus," "Hippolytus," "Hark the lark," and "Who is Sylvia?" are already known and published, and the two last are among the most favourite of all the Schubert *répertoire*. The place and date of their production—Währing, July, 1826—are also known; and the circumstances are so characteristic that we may be excused for quoting the account given of them in the third volume of the "Dictionary of Music and Musicians," pages 327 and 344:—"In July, 1826, returning from a Sunday stroll through the village of Währing, Schubert saw a friend sitting at a table in the beer-garden of one of the taverns. The friend, when they joined him, had a volume of Shakespeare on the table. Schubert seized it and began to read; but before he had turned over many pages pointed to 'Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,' and exclaimed, 'Such a lovely melody has come into my head. If I had but some music-paper!' Some one drew a few staves on the back of the bill of fare, and there, amid the hubbub of the beer-garden, that beautiful song came into existence." The article adds that "Sylvia," from the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," and the drinking-song, from "Antony and Cleopatra," "Come thou Monarch of the Vine" (which the German translator has rendered "Bacchus, feister Fürst des Weins"), are similarly dated "Währing, July, 1826," and therefore doubtless owe their origin to the same chance meeting with a volume of Shakespeare. The writer of the above lines might have noticed that the cemetery of this very village of Währing became Schubert's last resting-place just two years later, two graves away from Beethoven; and also that these three songs are his only settings of Shakespeare's words. "Hippolytus"—"Hippolytus Lied"—to words by Johanna Schopenhauer, a deeply melancholy song in A minor, is also published, and the autograph bears the same date as the others—"July, 1826." The four were obviously the product of the same fit of inspiration. So far, then, nothing really new appears to have been found; but a fact of great interest is mentioned in the account—that the copies of the "Lark" song and "Sylvia" found by Herr Kremser appear to be earlier settings, or first sketches. On this point we await further information with anxiety. It would also be important to know how the autographs came to be at Engelsberg, and which Engelsberg is meant. [G.]

The Organ World.

ON CLERICAL AUTHORITY REGARDING THE MUSICAL AFFAIRS OF THE CHURCH.

No class of men habitually recognise rightful authority with more readiness and respect than our organists; and alas! it must be added, no trained and cultured craftsmen are more exposed to the abuse of authority. There are artistic and social reasons for the present unhappy state of affairs, and one is thankful to add there are signs of a proper official recognition by our clergy of the organist's claims to be regarded not only as an important minister of the church but, when he does his duty earnestly, as the rector or vicar's best friend.

A recent correspondence in a West of England paper displays both sides of the clerical position. "An Incumbent" asserts that "it is the incumbent who is held answerable for all which may be done. If by the discretion or indiscretion of any chorister, or organist, or assistant curate a fault is committed, and a wrong tone or character given to the service, upon the incumbent lies the blame for direction, or misdirection, or failure of direction of these persons. He therefore must not give the reins to any other hand." And that "the pay of the organist, like all other expenses of Divine service, has to be procured by the incumbent's effort and influence."

A wiser man under the *nom de plume* "Clericus et Musicus"—a title which every clergyman must once more in the history of the church claim in order to justify in public opinion the continued use of his authority in musical matters—writes thus:—

"I myself, being a clergyman (fortunately musical), have intrusted my organist with the sole responsibility of the music, the result being perfect amity between us; but I have seen many an efficient organist insulted by my brother clergy entirely through the latter being unmusical, and therefore, callous towards music in church.

"I am quite aware who is responsible for the 'character of the service,' but I still maintain that the organist and choir-director is responsible for the conduct of the musical service, and any incumbent who is virtually musical would not think of questioning a professional and efficient organist on matters musical, any more than such an organist would dictate to the rector or vicar what should be his text, or how long his sermon should be. (I am afraid my clerical brethren place far too great a value on their sermons as a rule). I have always found a good feeling existing between the clergy and organists where each attends to 'his own profession.'

"If the salary of an organist was solely dependent on the incumbent's efforts, I am afraid we should rarely secure the services of an efficient organist. There is no profession which demands more untiring zeal and serious study to secure proficiency than that of a organist."

To this "Incumbent," with a touch of that arrogant assumption of power and that infallibility flavoured by guarded cunning which, alas, too often to the bane of the church, characterise the humanity of the priest and show his dread of advancing daylight, answers thus:—

"'Clericus et Musicus' takes exception to my letter, but my position is unassailable, viz., all responsibility lies upon the incumbent, therefore the whole direction of the services is in his hand.

"Suppose the case of an incumbent neglecting this duty, and allowing the organist to be director in all the points for which your correspondent contends. If the organist makes the Divine service unsuitable and objectionable to the congregation by florid services, elaborate anthems, and operatic performances, making the church, in fact, a concert-room, to whom will the congregation look for redress? What will they say if the incumbent tells them that he leaves the direction of all these matters to the organist? If the congregation aggrieved complains to the Bishop, whom will he instruct to correct the grievance?

The concealed diplomacy of the closing sentence, in which the writer, while acknowledging the superior authority of the

Bishop, dexterously thrusts forward the assertion of the supreme rights of the "Incumbent" will not escape notice.

Now the authority of an Incumbent is neither hereditary nor absolute. He is in fact prepared for and then licensed to exercise authority; and his authority is limited by the superior power of his diocesan, and in some directions by the ecclesiastical law-courts. Capacity for the exercise of authority is the first condition which justifies or sanctions its possession.

This statement demands a retrospect or historical view of the clerical position, in order that we may see how far the wise conditions of the earlier ecclesiastical authorities have been violated or overlooked by the majority of our clergy. Through the kindness of one of our most eminent living organists, who has called my attention to the subject under consideration, and given me the benefit of one or two valuable suggestions, I am able to give the following quotations from the ancient statutes of Worcester Cathedral: "The Precentor was generally educated for his profession in the Monastery from a child, and his duty was to look after the choral services, distribute robes at festivals, and arrange the order of Divine service. As the choristers voices change we may remove them to the great school, there to continue until *they be priests and able to serve the choir again in singing of the Gospel and Epistle, and in other offices of the church.*" Further quotations would show the extreme care with which the church guarded against the dangers of musical authority falling into unworthy clerical hands. The conditions of college life in the olden time again show that our great colleges—albeit endowed for the meritorious poor scholars, and not solely for the benefit of the wealthier classes—made provision for the education of choristers, etc., who promised, by their aptitude for theological, musical, and general learning, to make good servants in the cause of religion as ministers of the church. An ancient document of Henry the Eighth's time tells us that priests in country places, away from cathedral centres, were called upon and were able to sing anthems as well as intone the suffrages; a statement proving, as many other quotations might be presented as showing, that *all*, and not cathedral clergymen only, were expected to make the divine art—"the ordained medium of praise"—ever the companion of theology. And it might be shown that a musical rendering of the service under competent musical authority, was a condition imposed by the Church upon her clergy both before and after the Reformation.

The records of the choir of St. James's Chapel Royal are said to be the oldest we have in England. The "Liber Niger Domus Regis" has the following passages with reference to the staff of the chapel just named: "Two *chaplains* and clerks (24 in number) must be endowed with virtues moral and specific, as of *music*, eloquence in reading, *sufficiently skilled in organ playing.*" The yeomen of the chapel, called *Pisteleres* (readers of the Epistles), were two *chosen from amongst the children whose voices had recently changed*, and this position was an intermediate step between *children and clerks*. Then, as now, a "Master of Song" had charge of the children. Great pains were taken to provide servants and horses for members of the choir. "When the choristers came to eighteen years of age, or when their voices changed, and they cannot be preferred the number of the staff being full, then if they assent, the King assigneth them to a *College at Oxford or Cambridge*, there to be at study until the King may advance them." The records of the St. James's Chapel Royal furnishes further evidence of clerical musical capacity. Sir John, the organ-maker, seems to have been a priest, and the organ was played by qualified persons, seemingly priests, by turns. This state of things exercised influence much later, as in Charles the Second's time we find three organists attached to the chapel. During Pre-Reformation times we find a greater equality of payment illustrating in every direction the fuller apprecia-

tion and closer relationship between church clergy, and musicians. To pass to the Protestant period of the English church, the proceedings of a commission of Queen Elizabeth's reign, about 1590, dealing with the ecclesiastical affairs of Ripon, made some additional clerical and musical appointments. These included a preacher, assistant-ministers for celebrating Divine service, others for reading prayers and catechising children. All these persons had their duties absolutely defined and *none were allowed any other preferment*, and none appear to have been endowed with the smallest musical authority; though their appointment shows one of the first symptoms of clerical preferment upon the basis of an exclusive and narrower form of educational training. The remuneration paid was upon a more equal method of distribution than now prevails, as is proved by the stated salaries. The advance of the musical art now began to place the tenure of clerical musical authority in a position inconsistent with the primary condition under it was conceded and held in former times. Sir George Macfarren, in a lecture on Church Music delivered before the Royal Institution in 1866, thus expresses himself regarding the priestly interference with musical matters even under the most justifiable technical disguise of precentorship:—

"The corruption of English church music had its root in the retention of the precentorship as a priestly office at the time of the Reformation, the period at which the study of music, like all other civil studies, became common among the laity. When music, the most modern of the arts, was in its embryo, the mastery of a few dogmatical rules was easily compatible with the study of theology, and hence it was as proper for the Precentor to be a clerical officer as for the Dean, his only capitular superior; but, now that the resources of the art are unseemly unlimited, now that the discovery of the natural principles which govern it have given it a scientific basis, its full comprehension engrosses the labour of a whole life, and the exceptions are most rare of persons who can attain to its knowledge as a relaxation from the pursuit of another profession. The effect of this great fundamental evil was not felt until much later; but there can be now no question of the impropriety of committing the entire control of the singers, the choice of music, and every arrangement and responsibility of this highly important element of the church service to an officer who is not compulsorily acquainted with music. That some few Precentors have a knowledge of the subject which it is their duty to direct, only aggravates the ill-working of the system; since it gives countenance to the very many more who are equally ignorant and either indifferent or prejudiced. The result of this much to be regretted system is the official neglect of cathedral music, the reduction in the number of the choir, the ill-esteem and consequent degradation of the choristers, the often slovenly and always meagre performance of the service, and, worst of all, the frequent aggravation of the evil by ill-directed designs to remedy it. The music in parochial institutions has suffered in proportion, from the control of non-musicians; and though measures be taken for its improvement, no measures can be efficient that are not confided to persons whose education has qualified them for their fulfilment."

These words have an application for all church officers, whether clerical or musical (and Precentor may be read Priest), and they point to a new order of things, the creation of the musical specialist who may, without unreasonable impediment in the way of usurped authority—for all authority in the church, never hereditary, is confessedly based upon the presence of capacity, otherwise it is usurped power improperly intrusted—undertake the proper and duly qualified performance and control over the music of the services of the church. The modern well-equipped organist is a specialist, and as a result of the establishment of such searching examinations as that of the College of Organists, he has become a musician of wide culture and sound judgment.

The proof that organists are now realising the responsibilities of their position is evidenced by the part taken in the

present discussion by writers under the signatures "F. C. O." and "An Organist."

The one points out that—

"The church organist does not receive the consideration he should, but is too often treated with great discourtesy by the unmusical clergy, whilst invariably he is the worst paid official of the church. It is time, then, that something should be done to protect him from the unfairness of autocratic vicars."

And again writes:—

"'An Incumbent' goes too far. His picture is too highly coloured. Any accomplished organist and thorough churchman is not likely to attempt to do anything so fearful and terrible as he imagines. Of course, there must be certain well-defined limits to the extent of the music desirable for each congregation. What is complained of by the professional organist is that autocratic and unmusical vicars take upon themselves to dictate and instruct him as to how to render such music as is in use in the church. Vicars seem rarely to know and feel when they really have a good organist, or they would more cordially appreciate and value such a one, shewing respect and consideration for him and his hardly gained knowledge."

And the other writer remarks:—

"It is the best thing for the clergy to leave the organist to himself in matters musical. I would add that the care of the spiritual welfare of the choristers belongs to the vicar."

I have upon several occasions ventured to point out that the organist lost much of his rightful position when he ceased to be an ordained minister of the church; an advantage enjoyed, but apparently not fully appreciated, by some organists even several years after the Reformation. Now our organists are men of wider general culture as well as musical specialists, there is no reason why our cathedral and other leading church organists at least, should not be in deacons orders and mingle advisedly in the work of the world, just as many clergymen are teachers outside the pale of the church.

However, the present position may be thus briefly epitomised. Let our clergy see that only thoroughly qualified and in every way properly-equipped men are chosen as organists; then let them, at any rate, until they are themselves fit to prove their right to the exercise of authority regarding musical details through the presence of capacity, assign to the organist his rightful responsibilities and the possession of that accompanying authority, the just balance which should attend every form of responsibility.

On the other side let all our organists see that adequate preparation accompanies their professional claims; and further let them defend their rightful position with becoming moderation and dignity. Both incumbents and organists should naturally leave the general character of the musical service amenable to the questions of ways and means, and the requirements of congregations.

Such action in the two directions will naturally bring about a better state of things; to the distinct improvement of sacred art, to the general satisfaction of all right-thinking men, and to the strengthening of clerical hands. And one more notable result may be expected, our clergy will find in their organists not only their truest and most capable coadjutors, but their best friends.

In writing these words I have decided not to avail myself of accounts of clerical incapacity and interference; feeling assured that such reticence will be consonant with the feelings of our organists; who as gentlemen and artists desire to cordially and earnestly co-operate with the clergy and to display that good sense, that Christian charity and wholesome discipline by which the church can alone prove that she is gifted with and able to exercise "the power of holiness" whereby all men may be led into the paths of righteousness and peace.

E. H. TURPIN.

SIR GEORGE GROVE ON THE COLLEGE OF ORGANISTS AND ITS WORK.

AT the Annual College Dinner of the present year Sir George Grove, who is one of the vice-presidents of the College of Organists, occupied the chair. His remarks were felt to be of more than passing interest, and in order to gratify the desire widely expressed that his observations should be placed in a permanent form before the many friends of the College, they are now printed.

Sir GEORGE GROVE said : I now come to the toast of the evening, the College of Organists ; a toast which I propose with much hesitation, because of my inexperience in these matters, and also because I feel very strongly how great an honour and responsibility is put upon me by placing me in the position which I occupy to-night. But I assure you, gentlemen, that I propose this toast with the keenest delight, and for many reasons ; first, for the general reason that it will always be pleasant to me to be brought into contact with such a large body of gifted musicians as I see around me to-night (apause). There are also peculiar reasons why I should be glad to propose the toast : in the first place it seems to me that the history of this society is a perfect model, on which not only musical societies but all societies should be founded. You began by the smallest beginnings ; you have gradually increased to your present large size. You began at the outset with 40 members, you are now 550 ; and the same with the examinations, you begin by passing 2 candidates out of 7, and you end by passing 61 out of 244. Your examinations have also considerably advanced both in importance and in difficulty. They are now very different from what they were when you first began them more than twenty years ago. And so universally, too, is the society recognised that I believe there is hardly an organist of importance or of eminence in the country who is not enrolled in some way or other upon its books. You have also held a conference upon the subject of organ-mechanism, which is likely to affect in an important manner the details of organ-playing ; and lastly—what to an assembly of Englishmen is always an important thing—you have a large balance at your bankers. Now what I admire in the whole of this matter is the quiet, sensible, business-like, English way in which it has been all done. You did not attempt to do anything more than was well within your power, or to put out your hand any farther than you could draw it back. You had to do with your organists, and you did not attempt to interfere with any other class of musicians. You said we are a large body of organists in the country ; let us bring them together ; let us endeavour to improve their position in the most practical manner we can. Now that seems to me a most impregnable position ; and more than that, it is not only my opinion, but I can quote you a text for it ; for in the Book of Proverbs I find, "Seest thou a man that attends to his business ? he shall stand before kings." I cannot but think that the example shown by your society of caring for your own people scattered all through the country, might be very advantageously followed by practical musicians in other branches of music. Each branch has some special wants or requirements, which are known to the professors of that branch, and which might be met by their associating together as you have done. But I will imitate you, gentlemen, and stick to the point. With regard to organists, it must be better that they should not only be clever on the keys and pedals but in the theory of music—and should be able to give a reason for the hope that is in them. And in the isolated position which the organist often fills in country places, it is well that he should have something more to occupy himself with than the Services he has to play on Sunday. Moreover, this institution brings artistic people together ; and anything which enables us to relieve the tedium of the ordinary work of life by something more cosmopolitan—something different from that in which we engage all day—is a distinct and a very great advantage. I am sure you must find it so ; on the present occasion you gentlemen from the country must have been looking forward to this meeting with your distinguished brethren in London, and to take a part in the festivity of to-night. Now, this body of organists of which I am speaking is a very important one ; it amounts to about twelve thousand, and that is a very large number, considering that each organist fills a separate independent mission. The organist is not an ordinary musician who is able to put his instrument into a green bag and at

the end of service to leave the church and think of nothing else till the next time ; he has got a church, an organ, an organ-stool, a house somewhere near the church ; he is a definite individual, he has a position, he is almost as necessary to the church as the clergyman is, and all these responsibilities and privileges add to the serious nature of his employment. Moreover, organists are not only a strong body, and a good body, but they are also a very important body from a musical point of view. Now I confess to be a very great admirer of the parish churches of England. They form the school in which I have learnt the little knowledge of architecture which I possess. In the most remote village of the country you find a building, which is, as it were, a little gem around which has crystallised the historical associations and the traditions of the many-sided character of English institutions, in their most prominent side, the English Church. Every arch, every window, every moulding, tells of a definite date, with its struggles, its movement, its changes, its part in that singular mixture of progress and permanence which distinguishes England, and has made us what we are. These things are always to be found if you know how to look for them, and they give a dignity and an interest to the smallest parish church in the country. And, gentlemen, I have always had a similar idea in my mind about the organist. The principal person in the church is of course the clergyman. He addresses the reason and the understanding of his hearers, tells them their definite duties, what to do, and what not to do—a most serious function. But the organist is not less important, for if the clergyman's business be with the duty and the moral sense, the organist deals with the imagination. It is he who gives wings to the old poetry of Psalms, Canticles, and Litanies, and sends the soul heavenward on the more modern strains of the Hymns. A most important mission, if you look at your calling in this light ! if you reflect what public worship would be without the "sweetness and light" which you, and you alone, can impart to it ! It is a mission which at once gives dignity and importance to the organists of England. One cannot help thinking, that when you have twelve thousand of them, they form a great, solid, musical influence, which somehow or other ought to be made the most of. It seems to me that while you are going on in your business-like way, you are influencing, in a remarkable and definite manner, the whole fabric of society. Of course all these advantages are not without risks or not accompanied by corresponding dangers. Nothing is more remarked on by the German musicians who visit England than the prevalence of organists. They say it has coloured our national music. So it may have done, but I do not see that the colour need necessarily be an unpleasant one. Sebastian Bach was an organist. We cannot all be Sebastian Bachs, but we can look to his example, and do what we have to do to the best of our powers. For it is a very great thing to be a good organist, and surely any monotony or any sameness which devotion to a single instrument gives is largely counterbalanced by the status of the organ as a kingly instrument. Though Germany has given us the greatest examples of organ music we of England need not be ashamed ; and indeed when we think of the attainments of our English organists, a feeling of satisfaction and pleasure may well arise in our minds. The point that I am anxious to impress upon you is, that an organist is a centre of musical life which is capable of any amount of useful expansion, and that our organists furnish more eminent musicians than any other branch of the art. It is the way in which most English musicians make their start in life. No one can help more than they can to pull down that wonderful musical ignorance which still besets this country. I am not a pessimist, but every now and then something occurs which shows how dense that ignorance is among classes who ought to know so much better. A little time ago there was an admirable leader in a great London daily paper advocating the claims of the Crystal Palace upon the attention of the country. All the departments of the Palace were dilated on, all justly praised with discrimination, except one. Music alone was thrust into the background. The only allusion to music in that excellent article—you will hardly believe me—was, that the centre transept would be always remembered as the home of the Handel Festivals. All the care, pains, and ability of Mr. Manns, all the brilliant qualities of his band, all the very remarkable part which the Saturday Concerts and the daily performances have taken for the last thirty years in the musical life of England were ignored in favour of festivals, which no one can take any special pride in, and which have done little or no good ! That is one instance of the ignorance of music

of the leaders of thought in England. It can only be corrected by a steady, wholesome, pressure in the opposite direction, and no class can exert that pressure better or so well as you organists with your regular duties, your constant opportunities, your recognized position can do. Only in this manner can England be made a truly musical nation and have that eminence in music which we already have in science, literature, and painting.

In answering to the toast of the Royal Academy and Royal College of Music Sir George Grove observed:—

I wish to testify to the respect and esteem in which I hold Sir George Macfarren, the distinguished Principal of the Royal Academy of Music. I always look upon Sir George Macfarren with envy when I think of the extraordinary simplicity and unselfishness of his character, of which I have been an admirer for years and years, and also of the long past to which the Royal Academy can point. The Royal College of Music has no past, but we have much encouragement for the future. Thanks to the wise exertions of our Royal president we have a position, and we have an endowment of over £100,000, giving us between fifty and sixty really valuable scholarships. We shall try advantageously to administer those funds and to work those scholarships in the interest of national art. I am glad to bear testimony to the extraordinary enthusiasm of the Royal College professors, and the thorough understanding that exists between all who are doing the college work. The organ has always been a very prominent subject amongst us. I may say that when the college was first started, there was one organ for the pupils in the house. There are now three in the house and two close by, so that we are able to give to our organ pupils a sufficient amount or nearly a sufficient amount of practice. We have three organ scholars and twenty-three students. I rejoice to think that in the College of Organists both the Royal Academy of Music and the Royal College of Music meet on common ground, for many of the organ students of both institutions present themselves before your examiners, and I further rejoice to know that they do so often with marked success.

RECITAL NEWS.

BURTON-ON-TRENT.—A new organ of two manuals and pedal, by Mr. A. Kirkland, of London and Wakefield, was opened on August 23, by Mr. E. H. Turpin. The organ proved to be a very effective instrument.

DENBIGH.—An organ recital was given by Dr. Spark, at St. Mary's Church, on August 28. The programme included Concerto in G minor and major, with Cadenza (composed by Dr. Spark for the Leeds Musical Festival), Handel; Largo Appassionata, from the Sonata in A, Beethoven; Sonata in F major (dedicated to Dr. E. J. Hopkins), Wm. Spark; Larghetto in E flat, and Andante in A flat, Batiste; March in C, Smart; Melodie Religieuse ("Ave Maria"), Schubert; Largo in D, from the Symphony No. 8, and Chorus, from a Mass, Haydn. The recital gave great delight to a large audience. On Sunday, the 28th, Dr. Spark gave a brief but excellent recital after the afternoon service at St. Asaph Cathedral.

EASTBOURNE.—At St. Anne's Church, No. seventeen of "Half-hours with the Great Composers" was given on August 28, consisting of the following pieces by Richard Wagner: 1. Andante Maestoso from the Overture to *Tannhäuser*; 2. Air, "O! star of eve," *Tannhäuser*; 3. Bridal March from *Lohengrin*; 4. Prayer, "Almighty Father, from Thy Throne, *Rienzi*"; 5. Grand March from *Tannhäuser*. The organist was Mr. F. Winkley, A.C.O. A selection from Henry Smart was to be played on September 4.

FOLKESTONE.—On Thursday, the 18th August, an organ recital was given in Christ Church, by Mr. F. E. Fletcher, Mus. Bac., Trin. Coll. Toronto, A.C.O., organist of the church. The programme included "Choral Song," S. S. Wesley; Prelude and Fugue in C, Bach; Sonata in C minor, No. 2, Mendelssohn; "Cantilène Pastorale" and "Marche Funèbre et Chant Séraphique," Guilmant; and Grand March from Symphony in C minor, Beethoven-Batiste. Miss Mary Hutton was the vocalist, and gave a finished rendering of "O Lord, Thou hast searched me out," from Bennett's *Woman of Samaria*, and "He was despised," from Handel's *Messiah*. Miss Hutton's voice is a charming one, and she evidently knows how to display it to advantage. "He was despised" was sung with exquisite taste. The

choir of Christ Church also sang with expression Gounod's "Send out Thy light," and a new tune by the organist of the church.—The Rev. E. Husband, of St. Michael's, gave an organ recital on August 24 at his own church; and recently gave an address, illustrated by his choir, on Gounod's Church Music. Music at St. Michael's has been diligently and earnestly developed under the guidance of the Rev. E. Husband.

NOTES.

German musical circles have sustained a severe loss by the death of the well-known organist and composer, Professor Wilhelm Volckmar. His father, Adam Volckmar, was a prominent musician, and town organist at Hertzfeld, on the Fulda, where his son was born in 1812. Wilhelm was taught the organ and the piano when little more than eight years old. He was then sent to Rückeburg to study the violin under Lüpse, and at the same time acquired some knowledge of the violoncello and other instruments. Having completed his studies at Rinseln he obtained the appointment for a year of organist to the Reformed Church of Soest, in Suabia, and from 1834 to 1835 practised as a professor of music in Brunswick. He then became professor of music at the Homburg Seminary in Hesse. Professor Volckmar published a large number of musical compositions, principally for the organ. He will be best remembered by his remarkable series of "Choralbüches." The first, published in 1845, displayed in its historical notes considerable erudition; the second (1852) consisted of a collection of melodies dating from the first century of the Reformation; and the third (1865) contained a collection of 323 of the finest choral melodies in use in the Evangelical Church of Hesse. He also edited the *Orgel Magazine*, and composed a large number of miscellaneous fantasias, fugues, preludes, quartets for strings, and vocal music. Some of his compositions were collected by Mr. A. Whittingham, and published in three volumes in London in 1881. It may be questioned whether Volckmar's music has secured the recognition it deserves in the country but some of it will survive present neglect for it is the work of an earnest artist.

The programme of the forthcoming Church Congress does not include the subject of music. This is an omission not to be passed over without comment. It may be, as a clergyman lately observed, that the Congress meetings never do any good beyond teaching people to respect each others' opinions. Perhaps some will even question this; still the consideration of the most important branch of sacred art should ever find a place in discussions regarding church life and work.

Giovanni Crespi Righizzo, the priest and professor, and his workman, Luigi Colombo, who made the paper organ at Milan, have, it is stated, received an offer of fifty thousand lire (something approaching £2,500) for the patent rights of the invention.

Concerning the new music-hall at Chicago, U.S.A., a musical journal observes:—"The Chicago Auditorium should possess an organ second to none in the world. It is not necessary to go to England, France, or Germany to build such an organ, as we have in this country organ-builders fully competent to build just such a superior instrument as is demanded. The new auditorium should own, not only as fine an organ, but one enlarged to correspond with the dimensions of our great music-hall, and which can be pointed to as the most complete and perfect, if not the largest concert-organ in the world." America will soon lead the way as the possessor of large organs.

One of the victims of the terrible fire at Exeter Theatre was a young organist of promise, Mr. Robert Morgan Tamplin, B.A., the son of the Rev. G. F. Tamplin, of Newport, Essex, and organist of St. Jude's, Kensington. This estimable young man, only twenty-three, only left London for his holiday on the morning of the fatal day, September 5.

COLLEGE OF ORGANISTS' CALENDAR.

The Library will be open on Tuesday next from 7 till 10.

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(44)

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"Musical World" Stories.

THE LAST DANCE.

A true story of South American life, written specially for "The Musical World."

By E. C. FERNAU.

(Continued from page 698.)

They waltzed round the room and then stood still, as if to rest.

"What is it?" he asked, quite at his ease.

"You must go! you must fly! you must not stay to the end of this ball!"

He smiled as he replied: "Don't be so frightened, darling—all is settled happily now—we saw your uncle to-day, and he is quite friendly now—especially to me."

"Don't trust him!" she whispered, trying to look unconcerned while she spoke. "Your life is in danger—fly!—don't stay here!"

"But I must, dearest Amalia! Your cousin gives me the last minuet. I cannot be false knight to her."

"You must, you must!" she went on in an agonised whisper. "Let us dance slowly—we may be watched."

As they turned round and round unnoticed in the crowd of dancers she managed to tell him, gasping out a few words at a time, what she had overheard, and how this last dance, if with Mariquita, would be a signal to the assassins who were made use of to terrorise the city.

He dared not, if he valued his life, neglect this warning in spite of his apparent reconciliation with the dictator Pereda. He knew well the treacherous nature of the man, and this would not be the first time that his victims had been lulled into fancied security by his pledges and promises only to become an easier prey to his satellites of the "Terrible Club," which was, in fact, a banding together of all the most sanguinary, the worst and the most reckless men in the country against whatever threatened the despot's power. Patriotism, intelligence, and nobility of soul were great enemies to the tyrant's rule; therefore, whoever possessed them was a certain mark, sooner or later, for the assassins of the "Terrible Club."

Knowing all this, Federico was for a moment half stunned; his partner whispered: "Don't stop—let us waltz still!" and on they went as the musicians played the waltz from the *Due Foscari*, an air that ever afterwards was associated in his mind with the visions of treachery, of flight, and of murder.

"What can I do?" he murmured almost hopelessly, as they stood for a moment to take breath.

"Leave this on any pretext, as soon as possible. Get a boat, put off into the river—any of the foreign vessels will give you refuge. But keep cool—look unconcerned—and whatever happens leave this before your dance with Mariquita comes round."

Seeing the girl so brave and self-controlled restored all his courage and sang froid to Don Federico.

Their waltz at an end he led Amalia back to the circle in which her aunt and cousin were seated. There he remained a short time, exchanging light remarks with one and another of the ladies. But now his eyes had been opened he did not fail to remark the unusual pallor of Mariquita, nor the look of fright and misery in her eyes whenever they glanced in his direction. Nor did the watchfulness and occasional look round of the chief secretary, who appeared to be expecting some one, escape observation.

As the orchestra gave out the first chords of another dance, Don Federico bowed to the ladies, and saying to Amalia, in a tone loud enough to be heard by several of those around: "The next quadrille, Amalia, will be ours, I think?" he went in search of another partner.

The chief secretary's eye followed him, and not until he was seen amongst the rest in the graceful "contradanza," then much in vogue on that side of the Atlantic, did the worthy official relax his watchful observation.

The evening wore on. All were occupied pleasantly—or otherwise. It was growing late when the chief secretary, addressing Mariquita, said: "I don't see Don Federico Torres; do you?"

Mariquita raised her weary, aching eyes, heavy with unshed tears at the approaching ordeal, and looking round, said: "No, I don't see him, but I daresay he is in the crowd somewhere."

The secretary was short-sighted, so he looked again, and blinked and winked, then shaded his eyes with his hand from the glare of the lights. He could not see far however. Amalia came up.

"Are you looking for anyone, Mr. Secretary?" she asked gaily.

There was a happy ring in her voice that struck on Mariquita's ear. She looked up, but could not catch Amalia's eye, for the latter was looking at the purblind secretary, and her face wore an ill-concealed expression of triumph. The secretary replied:

"I am wondering where Don Federico can be?"

"Don Federico Torres? oh, he was with me just now, and has gone into the corridor for a *refresco*. He will be here in a few minutes you know, to dance with my cousin."

And she turned towards Mariquita, who sat blanched and shrinking, and with such a despairing look of enquiry in her eyes that Amalia's heart ached for her. But she could give no sign yet of Federico's safety.

Mariquita had sat out the previous number, and now there was but one more to intervene before the fatal minuet. She refused all invitations to dance now, pleading her great fatigue. Her weary, dejected countenance bore out her excuse, although she did her best to still the hurried beatings of her heart, and join in the chatter and jesting that went on around her.

Several of the guests had departed, the candles were burning low, when the strains of the "Minuet Federal," the finale to the ball, were heard:—

Andante.



presto.



Don Federico had not appeared to claim Mariquita's hand. The secretary looked round anxiously.

Various couples had taken their places, when a scuffling was heard at the lower end of the room, and three or four men of unprepossessing appearance, in *ponchos* and broad-brimmed straw hats over scarlet kerchiefs, forced their way in. No uncommon occurrence; for the dictator professed to be the great friend of the lower orders, and allowed them right of entry everywhere. Consequently no one dared oppose these men.

Mariquita's heart grew suddenly light as she looked about and saw no sign of Federico, although the dance was just about to commence.

"My knight has proved a recreant!" she exclaimed, "and I have no partner. Come, Don Rufino," she turned to the secretary and held out her hand, "let us step this together!"

He drew back. "No, no, Mariquita! Torres will be here directly—what will he say?"

"Let him say what he likes. Are you afraid of him? or of me?" and she threw into her voice that expression of surprise and contempt no man can endure from a woman, especially if she be young and handsome.

"Afraid? no indeed!" and he presented his hand.

But Mariquita noticed that his hand shook and his eyes wandered to those evil-looking intruders near the door.

The dance was the gayest of the evening. Mariquita was in high spirits again, and twice she bade the musicians recommence when they for very weariness would fain have stopped. Amalia, too, who had Maximo for a partner, was in a mood of wild merriment, that proved contagious. And so the dance went on with a running accompaniment of jest and joke, and repartee and laughter.

But all things come to an end at last, and the "Minuet Federal" did so also. Saying farewell to the ladies who were still in the room, Mariquita went out on the chief secretary's arm with a heart and spirits considerably lighter than they had been when she entered.

As they passed through the door, Mariquita heard one of the sinister-looking fellows there say to another, pointing to her companion:

"Look at him well! Who the devil would have suspected this?"

It suddenly flashed upon her that a mistake would be made—and although she did not like Don Rufino she did not mean him to be the victim, so she said aloud:

"Don Rufino, you will drive back with us?"

"Certainly, Mariquita, with great pleasure indeed!" said the secretary much relieved at the invitation.

Mamona was there with the mantillas, and they returned in the same order as they had arrived, except that Don Rufino was the last to get into the carriage.

They did not know of the four ruffians who had sprung upon the old-fashioned vehicle, two behind, and two by the coachman. The night was dark and the few oil-lamps that lighted the streets here and there were dying out—for it was the hour before dawn.

They were not many minutes in reaching the Government House. The carriage stopped—the door was flung open. Don Rufino sprang out to give his hand to the ladies when they followed—but he was at once seized from behind by two strong arms, while a hoarse voice growled into his ear:

"Ah, you thought to escape us, did you, rascal? But even at his Excellency's door we can catch you; although we'll cut your throat a little further off, to save the women's cries!"

The poor man was too stunned to utter a word. He had thought all was saved by his return in Don Justo José's own carriage; and this sudden surprise unmanned him completely.

Another of the ruffians was upon him, and it would have gone hardly with his Excellency's factotum, had not Amalia sprung out of the carriage after him, and seen in the faint light that came from a lantern over the door, that some struggle was taking place.

She screamed loudly. Mariquita hurried out of the carriage with Mamona, the door of the house was flung open and half-a-dozen soldiers came out with lanterns. These, and the light that streamed from the guard-room, disclosed the strange scene of Don Rufino struggling but nearly overpowered by four ruffians who were endeavouring to gag him and drag him away.

"Stop!" said Mariquita, with an air of command she could well assume at times. "What is the meaning of this? This is my father's secretary, you can have nothing to do with him! Release him!"

But one of the men, while the others held on to their prisoner, approached her, and said in a low voice:

"We have our orders, señorita, and they are precise. We must carry him with us."

"I tell you there is a mistake! You must release him at once!"

"We daren't—why, by all the *demonios del infierno*, you gave the signal yourself, *señorita mía*!"

"No, no, I tell you! Stop—it's all a mistake—I will explain to my father—release Don Rufino!"

The men still hesitated, when the officer of the guard came out, and recognising the ladies and the secretary, at once insisted on the release of the latter, and assured the men that they had made a blunder—a stupid blunder.

"Here friends," he added, "come in and have a drop of *cana* to comfort you. But you had better be quick, for his Excellency won't be best pleased with the mess you've made of matters to-night."

So Don Rufino was allowed to go free at last, unwillingly enough on the part of his captors, and in a pitiable state. His coat was torn, his forehead cut, his shirt torn open, and one of his arms sprained from the wrench the ruffians had given it.

As Mariquita and Don Rufino were crossing the *patio* to Don Justo José's room, to give an account which they would gladly have deferred but dared not, of the evening, Amalia could not resist the temptation to say as she tripped towards her room:

"Ah, Mr. Secretary, what a delightful dance these men might have led you, had we been elsewhere!"

"And, Don Rufino," added Mariquita, meaningly, "you have danced your *last* minuet with me, I fancy!"

There was a stormy explanation to go through with the dictator, Pereda, who would not for a long time believe but that his daughter had played him false. But Mamona and Rufino at length convinced him of the impossibility of that; while Mariquita stood silently indignant at the injustice to her, after the agony she had suffered in the endeavour and intention to obey him.

When his wrath had somewhat subsided, she came forward to say:—

"And now, father, listen to me for once! I love you—I will die for you at any time; but never again will I be made a decoy of, to betray men to destruction. You see what might have come of it to-night. Never order me to do this again, for I will not! Never!"

Her father, looking up at her in angry astonishment, saw that in her face which warned him to say nothing. There was a spice of his own spirit in the girl, after all!

So this was the last time a last dance with Mariquita Pereda proved of evil omen to any man.

THE END.

WORCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

WORCESTER, Sept. 9.

That the vitality of the Festival of the Three Choirs of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester still exists to a great degree, has been amply proved by the interest created in, and general success of, the meeting held at Worcester this week.

This, the one hundred and sixty-fourth celebration for the benefit of the Widows and Orphans of Clergymen of the Three Dioceses, notwithstanding its being devoid of the interest which appertains to the production of new compositions, save in one instance, which we allude to later on, cannot be described otherwise than as being exceptionally successful. Certain it is that Worcester, like her sister cathedral cities, has of late years roused herself in a remarkable degree from that state of apathetic indifference which at one period seriously threatened the very existence of these musical gatherings; and she is now fully equal to the demands made upon her by an enlightened and cultured public consequent with the advance of time.

The Festival opened on Sunday morning with a special Jubilee Service in the Cathedral, the united choirs supplemented by that of Cardiff and the Leeds Festival Chorus, and the orchestra taking part. Dr. Gott, the Dean of Worcester, preached the sermon, and the music included "War March of Priests," the National Anthem, Handel's "Dettingen" *Te Deum*, and Coronation Anthem *Zadok the Priest*, Humphrey's Grand Chant and Jubilate, the Psalm Chant of Lawes in C, and hymns.

After the rehearsals to which Monday was devoted, the public performances were resumed, as on most previous occasions, by a rendering of *Elijah* on Tuesday, the inevitable but ever popular *Messiah* being reserved for the last day, Friday, followed by a special closing service in the evening, when admission to the whole of the cathedral is granted to the public without tickets or payment whatever.

For readers of this journal, who have an acquaintance with these works, it is quite unnecessary to enter into detail; suffice it to say that the choral singing, upon which so much of the effect depends, was throughout equal to anything previously heard here. The same remark applies equally to the orchestra, which, by the way, has this year been largely augmented, and numbers amongst its members some of our best London players. The complete force of solo vocalists mentioned elsewhere also took part; and when I say that they comprised the names of Madame Albani, Miss Anna Williams, Miss Hope Glenn, Miss Eleanor Rees, and Messrs. E. Lloyd, Barton McGuckin, Watkin Mills, and Brereton, it will be readily understood that other than satisfactory results were almost out of the question.

Two *pièces de résistance*—Schubert's Mass in E and Spohr's *Last Judgment*—preceding and following Mendelssohn's "Hear my Prayer," formed the day programme of Wednesday, and plenty of work was here supplied for all concerned. Better performances have without doubt been heard, but those now given were thoroughly enjoyable, which is saying a good deal. Each of these works has previously done duty on occasions such as the present, and, as excellent examples of sacred music, they lose nothing by repetition, while their impressive effects and rich accumulation of harmonious sounds have an enhanced influence on the senses by being held amidst such venerable surroundings. All the performers, both vocal and instrumental, were up to the average standard.

Gounod's beautiful and intensely religious though somewhat dramatic music in *The Redemption* was rendered in the cathedral on Wednesday evening with an earnestness and conscientious care which atoned for any trifling shortcomings, and sufficed to win for it the rapt attention and profound admiration of the entire audience. Such performances as these cannot fail to elevate a work (which loses much in a concert-room) in the estimation of all cultured hearers to the ranks of classical production. As is well-known, the elements contained in *The Redemption* are of a different nature to those of the corresponding but vastly inferior work, *Mors et Vita*. *The Redemption* overflows with melodic charm heightened by clever orchestral effects, and has a book which can never fail to interest all Christians. The artists were the same who have done duty before, and were again equal to the responsibility which devolved upon them, although reminiscences of Mr. Santley and Madame Patey in the parts on the present occasion sustained by Mr. Watkin Mills and Mr. Hope Glenn, were inevitable to those who associated and compared this with previous hearings.

Of the concerts given on the evenings of Tuesday and Thursday in the Public Hall, nothing absolutely new to musicians was produced; the programmes, nevertheless, comprised excellent miscellaneous selections. By far the most important and interesting feature of this portion of the scheme was *The Golden Legend*, which was given at the first concert, and whether because the work is thought so much of in this country or on account of its failure abroad, such a rush was there for seats that the hall could have been sold out over and over again. Miss Anna Williams in the part of Elsie, originally created by Madame Albani at Leeds, was subjected to some disadvantage by comparison, but a thoroughly artistic and painstaking conception of the character was given, and her voice was fully equal to the demands made upon it by the arduous music. Messrs. E. Lloyd and Watkin Mills, and Miss Hope Glenn, each contributed a fair share towards the success of the performance, the crowded audience de-

monstrating their hearty approval at the close of each scene. The work has now been performed frequently enough both in and out of London for its real merits to be gauged, and the cleverly constructed score in its various details was strictly attended to under the careful supervision of Mr. C. Lee Williams. The numbers taking part were necessarily more limited than is customary, but the composition suffered little on this point.

Amongst other items of note mention may be made of Mozart's Symphony in G minor, Overture (*Prometheus*), part-song by the Leeds Festival Chorus, and vocal pieces rendered by Mr. Barton McGuckin and Miss E. Rees.

At the second concert the artists were the same, with the exception of Mr. Watkin Mills, whose place was taken by Mr. Brereton. Stanford's *The Revenge* was the *pièce de résistance*, with some substantial orchestral pieces, overtures to *Jessonda* and *Rosamund*, and Cowen's Scandinavian Symphony to wit, in the programme.

Great interest was centred in Mr. Cowen's new dramatic oratorio, *Ruth*, composed expressly for the festival, and performed yesterday morning under the composer's personal direction. The pianoforte score having been already fully discussed in these columns, a critical notice of the music will appear in our next number, the exigencies of going to press rendering it impossible this week. Suffice it to say that the work was received apparently with admiration, and a profound impression was caused by the decidedly advanced order of Mr. Cowen's notions of sacred music. Judging by the storm of applause which greeted him on the Thursday evening when he ascended the platform in the Public Hall to conduct his Scandinavian Symphony, Mr. Cowen may safely be said to have made a further success in his most recent contribution to musical art.

Mr. Done, the veteran organist of Worcester Cathedral, who seventy-two years ago was born in the city, and it is believed has conducted every Festival since 1844, has this year partly relinquished his duties to Mr. C. Lee Williams, organist of Gloucester Cathedral, and the young musician who so ably directed that Festival last year.

An institution which, apart from its artistic associations, serves the additional purpose of furthering the cause of charity, should receive help and encouragement from all quarters; therefore it behoves me to sincerely congratulate all those who have in hand the conduct of the Festival on the successful termination of their labours. A handsome balance in favour of the deserving object should be handed over as a result of the brilliant musical week that has obtained here. This notice would not be complete without a few words in praise of the officials who have given their services; especially are thanks due to the Rev. Canon Cattley for his kind and courteous manner in looking after visitors whose duties call them to the Festival of the Three Choirs.

THE FIRE AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, EXETER.

A FEW words will suffice to record the details of the terrible catastrophe at the Exeter Theatre Royal, which has resulted in the loss of about 180 lives (out of an audience of 800) by burning or suffocation. On Monday, September 5, Mr. Gilbert Elliot's company, under the management of Mr. Russell Ross, commenced a week's engagement at this theatre with Mr. Sims's play "Romany Rye"; their first step on a contemplated provincial tour through the provinces which was to extend up to Christmas. The elaborate scenes were new, and, with the sets prepared for the pantomime stored up behind, crowded the stage. The play proceeded smoothly enough until the third scene of the fourth act was reached. At this point a scenshifter noticed that some gauze had caught fire at a gas-batten in the flies, and almost immediately some of the actors on the stage also became aware of the danger. Mr. Mouillet, however, who as The Scragger was occupying the attention of the audience at that moment, had not observed the accident, and continued his part until the drop-scene suddenly descended—owing to the prompt and proper action of the scenshifter. Alarm soon spread behind the scenes, and the members of the company succeeded in making their escape gradually through the stage-door and the large gate of the scene dock.

For a few moments no idea of the disaster appeared to strike the audience, who regarded the fall of the curtain in the middle of an actor's speech as a stage blunder or hitch natural to a first-night per-

formance. But when the curtain swung forward, and flames burst through and underneath it, disclosing a fire raging on the platform with such violence that it threatened every instant to sweep the sides and floor of the house, the affrighted spectators rose and in all parts sought their escape, those in the crowded gallery rushing to destruction. The stalls and dress-circle were not half-filled, and the occupants dispersed in an orderly manner. The pit was full, and the people ran to the several exits provided. One of the doors was barred inside, and at first in the panic no one thought of unbarring it, but as the crowd pressed upon it in an agony of alarm, it was wrenched from the hinges, allowing many escapes; still it was inevitable that in these circumstances some lives should be lost. The spectators in the upper boxes also, with good means of exit into the street and on to the outside balconies, for the most part escaped; though here as well as in the pit, gallery, and staircase, death was caused by suffocation; the deadly smoke choked the victims before the rapidly spreading flames seized them.

But it was in the gallery that the reign of panic and terror was at its height; one exit only had been made to lead from this most frequented part of the auditorium. Of 200 persons here more than 100 perished, most of them on the staircase in the attempt to gain the open street; others, overpowered by the heat and smoke, were left in the building. A single rail divided the gallery from the upper circle, and it would have been an easy matter for such persons as had presence of mind to jump down the two or three feet and effect their escape by the exits provided on this tier. The frequenters of the gallery may never have been aware of this advantage, or else the condition of the theatre, from ceiling to floor a mass of flames, rendered a step or two *forward* impossible after the stream of people had commenced their flight (interrupted by the block on the stairs) through their own door.

While awaiting the full enquiry which will be instituted into the causes of the disaster, and the examination of the means provided for the safety of the public at the Exeter Theatre Royal, a few comments on the obvious defects of the building and of the appliances at hand suggest themselves. Thus, at the outset, the letting down of a solid iron drop-scene would have confined the flames to the stage for perhaps many minutes, and, especially if its existence was publicly known, would have given the audience encouragement to leave their seats in better order. But the use of iron drop-scenes is anything but general in England. That set up at the Prince of Wales's is not only planned to perfection, but is kept in working order by being drawn up and down twice nightly. It is obvious, too, that the electric light should be used behind the scenes. How one entrance or exit for the gallery should have been thought ample even for everyday use will not easily be explained. On the other hand, the outside balconies saved many lives, and may serve as a model in the construction of new theatres. These and many other points will shortly receive full discussion; and attention is now fixed on the victims. For these several hundred pounds were collected in Exeter the day after the catastrophe, and the fund is rapidly increasing.

It should be mentioned that Exeter has had previous experience of fires at its theatre; and the new building burnt down last Monday had been opened only on October 13 last year; Mr. Phipps was the architect.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

Last Saturday night the autumn campaign at Drury Lane was opened with a piece rejoicing in one of those general, all-embracing titles such as Messrs. Paul Meritt and Augustus Harris know well how to turn to account for the purposes of lavish scenic display and picturesque staging, which may be taken to be the principal end and aim of such productions. To bring their well devised effects into necessary relief, the necessity of dramatic interest has been, however, by no means lost sight of by the joint authors; and, as a matter of fact, in many of the earlier scenes of "Pleasure" the stock-pieces of melodrama, the highly accentuated villains, the betrayed and much abused heroine, the weak-minded lordling—in this case one of the most unheroic of heroes ever presented to an audience—and the comic plebeians, are moved about the board with a very fair amount of dexterity. Add to this at least two imposing stage-pictures in which

the manager has surpassed even his own former efforts in this direction, and it will be seen that all the conditions have been achieved of a Drury Lane success. "Pleasure" may be called a sort of glorified melodrama, mounted on a scale of liberality which play-goers of a past generation could not have dreamed of. The beauty and animation of the Battle of Flowers at Nice, and the really impressive and startling effects obtained in the representation of an earthquake in the Riviera may be confidently expected to draw overflowing houses for some time to come. For the rest, "Pleasure," as delineated in this new drama, is full of misery, and the plot itself, a story of seduction, is of a kind offering little temptation for elaborate analysis. Jack Lovel—seen first as an Oxford undergraduate, and amid surroundings in which university life is travestied with a vulgarity likely to remind many old playgoers of similar scenes in *Formosa*—makes a short cut, early in the day, to a large fortune and a place among our hereditary legislators, by the sinking of a yacht in the Mediterranean and the consequent destruction, at one swoop, of the whole family that had hitherto stood between him and the peerage. But there is a villainous next heir, a Major Lovel, naturally aggrieved with destiny that this wholesale process of removal should not have proceeded just one step further and included Jack himself. The Major's evil endeavours to remedy this omission, and to draw his kinsman into all sorts of dissipation—drink especially—calculated to shorten life, and his machinations for keeping him and his injured *fiancée* apart, supply the necessary framework to Mr. Emden's series of picturesque scenes.

No one will dispute the joint authors' experience in stringing together a number of more or less effective incidents in rapid succession; and it is all the more surprising that the last act should have been executed in a manner worthy of mere beginners in the art—and not very promising beginners either. Indeed, if in this case "the play" were the "thing," and to be judged apart from its attractive accessories, the last slipshod act would have ensured failure. Miss Alma Murray as Jessie Newland, and Mr. Edward Gardiner as Jack Lovel worked well for rather thankless parts. Mr. Edward Sass, as usual (on the stage), was a cool out-and-out villain. As a good-hearted Yankee heiress Miss Fanny Brough gave a really charming impersonation, but the best written part, and the most successful, was that of Dick Doddipods, the candle manufacturer's son and Jack's college chum, in which Mr. Harry Nicholls, by his lively and spontaneous acting, contrived to make a minor character almost the central figure of the piece. The last act would be the better for rewriting, but this will probably be found hardly worth while when it is considered that, apart from all questions of literary merit or demerit, the play as it stands contains so many attractive features of the kind likely to be chiefly looked for by the numerous audiences who, it may be safely prophesied, will flock to see it.

MUSIC IN ITALY.

MILAN, Sept. 3.—I suppose you have already heard about the fourth triumphant success of Verdi's *Otello* at the Teatro Grande, at Brescia. This new success of *Otello* is the more remarkable when you consider that the Brescians would not allow themselves on any account, not even for the sake of Verdi's beloved name, to be prejudiced by any precedent or *réclame* whatever; and that orchestra, choruses, chief *rôles*—almost every particular in fact—were quite new. With the exception of Signora Gabbi (*Desdemona*) and Signor Paroli (*Cassio*)—already known—all the other characters of the piece have been changed. Oxilia played *Othello*; Lhérie, Iago; Sillich, Lodovico; Ramini, Roderigo; Limonta, Montano; Signora Costa, Emilia. The masterly work had, in some respects, even a better chance on the smaller stage of the Teatro Grande; several numbers came out in greater relief, as if on a beautiful work of sculpture, and the scenic effects have been more vivid. The audience gave vent to little mad enthusiasm, making only one or two of those interruptions elsewhere experienced, but listened with the strictest attention, their sound judgment and musical taste throughout serving as a very noble example indeed. Enthusiasm spread gradually in subsequent performances, and *Otello* went to the heart and brain of the Brescians, as it did with the Milanese, Romani, and Veneziani—as it will do, no doubt, everywhere else. Oxilia, very nervous the first night, played nevertheless

a fine Othello, both physically and dramatically, with quite original touches. Lhérie was a remarkable Iago from first to last, and won loud demonstrations of sympathy; all the others were good; as to choruses and orchestra, they went on capably under the *bâton* of Signor Faccio.

Brescia is exulting in its great musical event with good reason. Very few of our provincial and, I may say, even larger towns, may boast of a theatrical management as intelligent and wisely daring as that of the Direzione of the Teatro Grande.

Milan, the *capitale musicale* of Italy is undergoing a very contrary experience—perhaps because of the tremendous heat of a too Italian climate. The fact is that an enormously bad *Faust* has been mounted at our Dal Verme, which made the audience laugh till they cried—that a not much better *Puritani* was given at the same theatre, and that a poor, far too poor, *Elisir d'Amore* is being heard at the Filodrammatico. Such facts are very discouraging; but the worst of the matter is that certain *impresari* have adopted a very curious system of management: instead of paying, they get money from the singers, half-starve the orchestra, pay nobody else except with words; and by this means a beautiful entertainment is set up!

I sincerely hope that Sinico's *Spartaco*, which is to be performed this very night at the Dal Verme, will not share the ludicrous fate of its unhappy comrades. Maestro Sinico's beautiful work comes to Milan for the first time; *Spartaco* has proved a sound success at Trieste; the music is not only that of a studious and learned *maestro*, but of a true genius, and reveals a most masterly hand all through. I wish some vindictive angel would guard with flaming sword the sacred entrance to the temple of art—at least when a new composer comes forward, not to enrich rapacious *impresari*, but to submit his work to the judgment of people who imagine themselves in a theatre and not in a market-place.

GIULIO A. MANZONI.

Music Publishers' Weekly List.

SONGS.

Alas, so long	Mary Agusta Salmon	...	Metzler
Falling Leaves	George Hughes	...	Weekes
Six Sacred Songs	Florian Pascal	...	J. Williams
Upon the Quay	Stanley Larkcom	...	City Music Store

PIANOFORTE.

Sonata in G minor, No. 5	St. Vincent Jervis	...	J. Williams
Album of Ten Pieces	E. Woycke	...	Ascherberg

VIOLIN.

Les Huguenots, Operatic Fantasia ...	E. Davidson Palmer	...	J. Williams
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CANTATAS.

Christian Pilgrims, The ...	C. E. Kettle	...	Sunday School Union
Winter (compiled by A. J. Foxwell)	Curwen

Notes and News.

LONDON.

On Aug. 30 the marriage took place of Madame Mathilde Ziméri, the vocalist, and Mr. James Edmeston, the architect, who has for many years been chairman of the Society for the Encouragement of Fine Arts.

We shall be able to present our readers, next week, with a portrait and biography of Mr. F. H. Cowen, whose last work, *Ruth*, has achieved so great a success at the Worcester Festival.

The London musical season begins rather earlier than usual this winter. The Crystal Palace concerts commence on the 8th of October with Josef Hofmann as pianist; this youthful prodigy will also give a series of recitals at St. James's Hall, beginning on the 10th prox., and will play at the first two Popular Concerts, the season of which begins on October 24.

Sir Arthur Sullivan's dramatic cantata, *The Golden Legend*, is to be performed on the 22nd October at the Crystal Palace, when the music set down for Elsie will be sung by Miss Lilian Nordica, and that for Prince Henry by Mr. Edward Lloyd.

Signor Lago has abandoned the idea of an Italian autumn season at Covent Garden, of which there was some talk.

Mr. Robert Planquette, the composer of *Les Cloches de Corneville*, has just completed a new three-act comic opera, entitled *Surcouf*, the words of which are by the librettists, MM. Chivot and Duru. The same authors have also supplied the book of a new comic opera by M. Audran, of *La Mascotte* celebrity.

Miss Leonora Braham, so many years identified with the principal soprano parts in the Gilbert and Sullivan productions at the Savoy Theatre has achieved a great success in Melbourne as Princess Ida.

Covent Garden Theatre will be opened at Christmas for a pantomime season, under the direction of Mr. W. Freeman Thomas and Mr. W. Purkiss.

An association is in course of formation, by a body of amateur vocalists, instrumentalists, and elocutionists, for the purpose of providing entertainments for the benefit of soup kitchens, coal funds, and other local charities in London and the suburbs, at which they will give their services free of remuneration. It is proposed to have twelve local centres, embracing all quarters of the metropolis; and from the list of members enrolled in the association twelve concert-parties will be organised, each of which will make a tour of the twelve different *locales* selected, so that at each hall the audience will have a different programme, by different performers, for twelve weeks in succession. If the prices charged for admission are kept sufficiently low, the venture may be of some benefit to the poorer people of the districts selected; but the difficulty will be, we should think, to find sufficient ready talent to give "their services free of remuneration;" for our experience is, that the majority of vocalists and instrumentalists who have mastered the rudiments in their respective lines are more inclined to exact fees, if not for their services, at least for expenses, than, for a period of twelve weeks on end, to give them for nothing.

PROVINCIAL.

DUBLIN, Sept. 2.—Last night the Dublin people faced a violent storm of wind and rain to be present in crowds at the production by the Carl Rosa Opera Company of Auber's *Masaniello* in English. The English version of this opera has not been heard in Dublin since Mr. Michael Gunn's company gave it in 1873, perhaps the same setting that had been brought out at Drury Lane in 1829; and the prospect of hearing the brilliant and effective music with all the advantages secured to its production by the cleverness and experience of Mr. Carl Rosa proved so great an attraction that every corner of the Gaiety Theatre was filled. The part of Elvira was allotted to Miss Fanny Moody, quite a young singer, but one who promises extremely well. The way in which she sang and played her exacting rôle last night gained her immense applause; the bright solo, "Oh, sweet enchanting day," being enthusiastically encored. *Masaniello* was personated very satisfactorily by Signor Runcio, who as the patriot-hero, was very well able to rise to the demands made upon his fine voice; his truly artistic vocalisation was greatly appreciated in the barcarole solo "Behold the morning," and in the duet "Twere best to die," with Mr. Charles Manners. It was perhaps a little cruel of the audience last night to insist upon the repetition of this trying piece. Mr. Manners (Pietro), Mr. Payne Clarke (Alfonso), Mr. C. Campbell (Selva), Mr. Max Eugene (Borello), Mr. R. Pitt (Moreno), Mr. Somers (Lorenzo), and Miss Kate Drew (maid of honour), completed the cast of solo vocalists; but it remains for me to give a word of praise to the Fenella of Miss Martha Mazall, who represented the dumb girl, and by signs and gestures enacted her pathetic story with fair success. The band under Mr. Goossens excited, by their excellent work, the greatest admiration. The chorus was, on the whole, well up to the mark, their most effective number being the prayer, "Oh power benign."

MANCHESTER, August 30.—Surely the lovers of the organ must all be bowed in humble supplication for rain, for it has just been announced that in consequence of the pressure of water being so much reduced, the organ recitals at the Exhibition will be discontinued until further notice. This is a matter for deep regret, as these recitals have been given us an opportunity of hearing the chief British organ *virtuosi*. However, we should feel in some measure consoled if the musical committee would only direct their energies towards providing better pianoforte recitals than those which we have hitherto heard. A word of commendation must at the same time be given to Mr. T. A. Barrett of Salford, who on Friday last gave a very interesting recital of works chiefly by Weber and Chopin. His *technique* and expression were in pleasant contrast with those of previous players at the Exhibition. Especially were the Valse in E flat, and Nocturne in B major, both by Chopin, given with praiseworthy delicacy. The band of the London Rifle Brigade played here this week, and we are also favoured by a return of the Blue Hungarian Band, conducted by Herr Bareza, whose first visit here was so successful. At the Princes' Theatre *Dorothy* is on the boards for a week's run. It was very well received last night, and seems to have lost none of its charm for a Manchester audience. The cast is slightly different from that which we noticed on its first visit. Mr. Redfern Hollins is replaced by Mr. Phillips-Tomes, who was suffering from so severe a cold as to disarm criticism, and Mr. Fischer takes the part of Lurcher. The music was creditably given, the choruses being especially bright.

FOREIGN.

The musical arrangements at the Odéon (Paris) for the seven months season (October—April) of "classical and popular performances" are of the highest order. Thirty musicians conducted by M. Schatté will compose the orchestra. The music of Lulli and Mozart will complete the representations of Molière's "Psyché," "Bourgeois Gentilhomme," and "Don Juan"; that of J. B. Moreau will be heard with Racine's "Esther"; that of Monsigny's "Le Roi et le Fermier," in Collès's "Partie de Chasse." The works selected for performance make a very attractive list, and the scheme promises to further secure popular favour in the reduction in the subscriptions. Thus, the subscription for a stall at the series of fifteen plays is reduced to thirty shillings.

Falchi's *Giuditta* was very favourably received on its first production at Perugia last week.

Some details of the approaching operatic season will be welcome to our readers:

Max Bruch's opera, *Loreley*, will be brought out at Leipzig, after undergoing a thorough revision from the composer. It is probable that Meyerbeer's *Étoile du Nord* will afterwards be revived at this house.

Samara's last work, *Flora Mirabilis*, will be produced in a German translation at the Cologne theatre.

At the splendid new theatre at Halle, the following important pieces are to be mounted: Wagner's *Der Fliegende Holländer* and *Der Rheingold*, and Verdi's *Aida*, besides Reinecke's *Auf hohem Befehl*, and Joncières's *Jean de Lorraine*.

A new opera by the Viennese composer, Gotthard, is to see the light at Coburg.

According to the *Standard*, it is announced from Berlin that the Emperor William has granted permission to the band of the regiment of the Guards which bears the name of "The Emperor Alexander's Regiment," to make a six weeks' musical tour in England, commencing next month, after the military manoeuvres are over.

Considerable interest will attach to the performance of an unpublished work by Félicien David, *Le bon Fermier de Franconville*, of which the text has been revised by M. Joliet. It will be remembered that this MS. score escaped the fire at the Opéra Comique by a fortunate accident, M. Carvalho having kept the music and the libretto at his private house instead of at once adding them to the library at the Salle Favart. An early opportunity of giving this piece by the composer of *Le Désert* should not be missed.

The unearthing of Weber's unfinished comic opera, *Die drei Pintos*, with the subsequent "completion" of the score by a Leipzig conductor, is not, at first sight, a subject for congratulation, in spite of the assurances received from abroad that the new numbers are in Weber's best manner. As a fragment, untouched by daring hands, *Die drei Pintos* would be likely to excite more general admiration.

The work of supplying the Vienna Opera House with electric-light has been accomplished by the Imperial Continental Gas Association, of which one of the principal officials is also a director of the Carl Rosa Opera Company, Limited, and an influential member of the committee of the little dilettante musical club known as the "Lyric."

NEW YORK, Aug. 27.—Real curiosity and interest has been aroused here by the publication of Mr. Carl Rosa's proposition to bring over his opera company for the season of 1888-89 to America. The enterprising manager tells a friend that the articles in the *New York Tribune* have thrown a new light upon his ideas on the practicability of a scheme for presenting opera in the English language before Americans with his company. Mr. Carl Rosa "would never compete with the piling it on in the way of scenery, ballets, &c., of the National Company." He would require that a committee should guarantee his expenses. *Freund's Music and Drama* regards the proposal with unqualified favour. The *Musical Courier* would enter heartily into the scheme—if only Boston might be substituted for New York as the head-quarters of Mr. Rosa's campaign. It argues that the demands of New York for the best musical fare are sufficiently met by the magnificent performances of German opera at the Metropolitan Opera House. It goes on to say that the German Opera Company did not meet with success when a trial was made to interest the Philadelphians in a two weeks' season, and hints that hence German opera has proved itself a luxury fitted exclusively for New York. "The German opera is a local affair," it says, and seems to draw the inference that Boston should in the same manner make English opera its own. Great credit is given, in the same paper, to Mr. Carl Rosa's encouragement of English composers; this, with his patronage of American singers, would lead native musicians to expect recognition at his hands. A quotation from one of Mr. Krehbiel's articles in the *New York Tribune*, which so greatly influenced Mr. Carl Rosa, is sure to be of interest. "The one criticism which I have heard on the American plan, the one thing which appears inexplicable here (in London), is that thus far the American opera has devoted itself exclusively to foreign works. . . . In every case almost the first question has been: 'What are the prospects of the American opera?' The second: 'Why does not our American opera work in a purely national way by

bringing out American operas, or at least operas composed to English words?' Mr. Rosa has beaten down all opposition to his English scheme, and is now reaping the reward of his long and faithful adherence to lofty purposes. Within the last few years he has produced, without the aid of the London public—the only public in the United Kingdom who withhold from him the encouragement which he deserves—no fewer than six new operas. To Mr. Rosa, a few days ago, I put the question direct: 'What do you hold to be the condition precedent to the successful establishment of a national opera in the United States?' His answer came, without a moment's hesitation: 'The encouragement of native composers.' Naturally such an answer led to a discussion of the advantages and disadvantages which would result from the adoption of a policy like that suggested, and Mr. Rosa maintained that to give opera composed in the vernacular was an equally sure road to good financial as well as artistic results."

In the meantime the New York Wagner Society is an assured success. Mr. Stanton has received a number of letters from all parts of the country from would-be members. A preliminary meeting has been held, and a large gathering is expected on Wednesday at the concert hall of the Metropolitan Opera House. The cultivation of Wagner's music in New York dates from 1866, when *Tannhäuser* was performed, and the extraordinarily rapid growth of the appreciation of it may appear in the fact that of this season's German operas more than half will be works by Wagner. His name is also seldom absent from a good concert programme. It is surmised that all America will unite in doing honour to this great name.

Mr. Alexander Lambert has succeeded Mr. Lewis Alexander as director of the New York College of Music; he proposes to busy himself with improvements in the management.

The last scene in the career of the National Opera Company has been the sale of the costumes, scenery, and effects. The attendance was meagre, and the bidding anything but lively. The amount realised was upwards of twenty-six thousand dollars, about half the face of the mortgage.

In view of the occasional little difficulties musical and theatrical artists appear to meet with in coming into collision with the knowledge or ignorance of English magistrates on matters of purely artistic importance, I cannot resist sending the following cutting from the *American Musician*:—"John Lavine, manager of the Madison Square Garden, was, in the Jefferson Market Court, Tuesday, charged with having violated the Sunday law in having allowed secular music to be played at Madison Square Garden on last Sunday. Patrolman Dooley, of the Nineteenth, who was on duty at the Garden last Sunday, said he was not an expert in music and could not state whether the concert was secular or sacred. Mr. Lavine claimed that nothing but sacred music was played, and that his programme was as proper as that of the musicians in Central Park, who played secular music last Sunday. Judge Duffy scrutinised the programme closely and agreed with Mr. Lavine. He said: 'Captain, the musicians have a perfect right to play sacred music. These airs are of the best masters. I see nothing objectionable on the programme that would induce me to hold Mr. Lavine. Some of these very airs are played in the churches. They have not violated any law that I can see. The music, according to the programme here produced, has a tendency to refine and elevate the people. Mr. Lavine, you are discharged.'"

I append the programme for the Worcester (Massachusetts) Festival, hoping that the Worcester (England) Festival may contain as many elements of musical liveliness. There will be eight concerts. Berlioz's *Carnival in Rome* overture and Mendelssohn's Scotch symphony will be given on Tuesday afternoon, Sept. 26; Bruch's cantata, *Arminius*, Tuesday evening; Gade's symphony in C minor and Schubert's "Twenty-third Psalm," Wednesday afternoon; Berlioz's *Damnation de Faust*, Wednesday evening; Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Thursday afternoon; Mozart's Motet No. 3 and Rossini's overture to *William Tell*, Thursday evening; Weber's "Jubel" overture and a Symphonic Poem of Liszt's, Friday afternoon; and Mendelssohn's oratorio, *Elijah*, Friday evening. The leading artists are Madame Giulia Valda, Madame Pappenheim, and Mrs. Starkweather, sopranos; Madame Zelig Trebelli and Mrs. Hatti J. Clapper, contraltos; Max Alvary, Jules Jordan, and W. H. Lawton, tenors; A. Stoddard, Max Heinrich, and George Prehn, baritones; D. M. Babcock and Webster Norcross, basses. The leading instrumentalists are Franz Kneisel, violinist, and Fräulein Adele Aus der Ohe, pianist. Carl Zerrahn will, as usual, direct the festival. The Boston Symphony Orchestra, fifty pieces, will appear at every concert and rehearsal, as also the association's chorus of 500 voices.

Madame Pauline Lucca, it is announced, has arranged to appear in opera in New York next April. The lady is to receive no less a sum than £280 for each performance.

DEATHS.—At St. Louis, Alice May, leading soprano of the New York Bijou Opera Company. Her death, of congestion of the brain, was sudden and unexpected.—At New York, Anne Boudinot, known as Mrs. Shannon.—At Biberach, Kaim, one of the founders of the Catholic St. Cecilia Society, aged 63.—At Homburg, Dr. Volckmar, composer and teacher, aged 75.—At Heidelberg, Lindner, violoncellist, aged 50.

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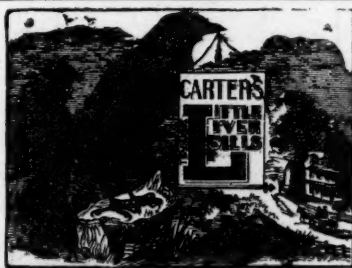
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